

SPENDING \$50,000 A YEAR

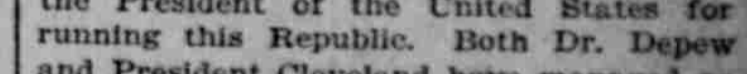
THE TIDY SUM SQUANDERED ANNUALLY BY A NEW YORK SWELL.

Done with Little Effort, and Not a Bicycle, Horse or Golf Stick to Show Where the Money Went.

New York Journal.

How to live on \$50,000 a year seems simple enough—cruelly and sarcastically simple—to the thousands of folk who are now living in an area of the city where a table d'hôte; but how to live on \$50,000 a year and have nothing to show for it; at the end of the twelve months except a tangled retrospective and a nine months' refusal on a little hollow-chested grave in a quiet corner of a lovely cemetery in another question—a question which, it is said, has come to the mind of Uncle Sam—and other blascuit-brown gentlemen, guessing for a long time. But it can be done, and is being done to-day, right here in New York city, by a round-faced, boyish-looking young man, who has been spending \$50,000 a year for the last twenty-three months and who has succeeded so well that he has not even a pair of blue-velvet stockings or a golf stick to show for his investment.

Fifty thousand dollars annually is a pretty snug sum; it is what the Vanderbilts pay Chauncey Depew for governing their enormous railroad interests, and it is the amount that Uncle Sam gives each year to



His valet has managed on their salary to lay aside a rule for a rainy day, and they have lived reasonably well besides. But this young man, who would not along on half a hundred thousand each year, has not put one talent in a napkin, and from the viewpoint of the ordinary citizen he has not lived so very well, either.

His income is something more than \$15 a day, and the average of the money he rises, rather, for he does not retire until other people are getting up—when he has not a dollar in his pocket near enough so that he can readily catch it. He is not so rich as is not such a difficult thing as it would appear at first sight, either—not when you know.

His VALET HELPS HIM.

His twenty-three months' apprenticeship has made him terribly proficient. He began reaping that which he did not sow after the death of a relative, who left a fortune large enough to make a perceptible cavity in the national debt if he had

chosen to apply it for that purpose. The young man, however, is making a hole in it about as rapidly as the combined efforts

of Cleveland and Carlisle could, and he hasn't even any one to censure him.

His first step in his efforts to live up to his income was to get bachelor apartments in a swager building in the Tenderloin. For those he pays \$1,200 a year rent and probably a hundred or more for light and water. The chief item of furniture in this apartment is his valet, which costs him \$500 more or so. He has no money, but can borrow when his master is not looking. \$50 monthly.

He is so far from really being seen that he would fall far short of fulfilling his mission, but that is only the corner-stone. He has a suite of rooms in a big uptown hotel which he visits only once a week, and in order to help along he fails to appear at either the bachelor apartments or the hotel about three times a week, and spends the rest of his time and money in the city.

He does not keep a stable, because he

can get rid of more money and with less trouble by patronizing liveries and cabs. His livery bill for January and February was \$2,700. With these excellent opportu-

was \$2,500. With these excellent opportunities for filling a pauper's grave he is not content, and so he has called to his aid that noblest spender of them all, the sou-brette. Not a night goes by that he does not send a bouquet costing from \$10 to \$50, according to his caprice. That item of flowers alone stood him \$2,000 last year.

ANGEL AMONG ANGELS.
After the theater there is a dinner, at

which he is invariably the host, and sometimes the soubrette and a few of her friends are his guests, and sometimes the

entire company of which she is a member. The check rarely falls short of \$25, and is

never less than \$15, so that with her assistance and the assistance of her friends he gets on very nicely. He is not a mem-

ber of any of the old clubs, so that he has not that avenue of expenditure open to

him, but he belongs to an alleged Bohemian affair that has sprung up since the local reformation, and after the dinner has

been eaten and paid for he has little difficulty in disposing of additional nuggets of

It is a hard, fast pace this young man has to go to spend \$50,000 a year with his

nas to go to spend \$50,000 a year, with his limited resources, and it requires many stimulants. In the haggard green of the

dawn he goes home—or gets home somehow—and sleeps the sleep of the heavy-headed until 11 o'clock a. m. Then he

awakens, or rather opens his eyes. The awakening process is accomplished by aid of a stone jug, which his man invariably places at the young man's bedside each

morning. The little jug holds the best quality of rye whisky that is distilled, and it requires between ten and twelve long

pulls at the jug before he is in training and fit to begin the day's programme. At noon he gets dressed and breakfasts

at the Waldorf, Elmhurst or the St. James. Then there is an hour for meditation, in which he endeavors feebly to re-

Generally they consist of a drive in the park, with frequent tarryings at McGowan's Boss Tavern and the Casino, where

the gloom of the morning is dispelled in the bubbling and sparkling cheer of the afternoon.

By 7 o'clock he is ready to dine again, and sometimes, even at this stage of the game, the undivided attention of his valet

is needed to get him dressed. After dinner, which, as is the case with the one which follows the theater, he seldom fails to settle for, he goes to the theater, and

the usual performance is repeated, with occasional variations.

to be sure, faithful, clinging friends, who will desert him the moment his bankers send word that he has overdrawn. But he

spends \$50,000 a year, and they are all
has to show for it.

Guns Made of Paper.
Golden Penny.
We spoke recently of artificial teeth be-

ing made of paper. Still more remarkable is the fact that guns are made of the same unpromising material. For some time guns

have been made of wood pulp, and also of leather pulp bound by hoops of metal. To make guns of paper pulp is the latest idea.

The pulp is, of course, hardened, and there is a core of metal inside the gun. The lightness of the paper gun is an essential

feature. But the principal aim has been to secure a material which is elastic, so that the force of a heavy discharge may be broken gradually. The paper possesses

more elasticity than metal, and when hardened is nearly as tough. The exterior of the paper cannon is bound with wire

about five layers of copper, brass or steel wire being firmly bound on. The process briefly described is this: A special grade of

paper pulp with a long fiber is chosen. It is well agitated, and litharge, wax, tallow, white lead and blue are mixed with it to thicken and make it tough. The pulp

then run into molds of the proper shape the steel core is put in, and the wire bound around the whole. Outside the covering of